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(Sandy) Alex G at White Oak Music Hall, June 9, 2017

Beaming its purple and pink rays through a solid-glass wall, backdropping a small and slightly elevated stage, the sun set below the horizon. Now it was (Sandy) Alex G's turn to take the spotlight. As the room darkened, teenagers and young adults slowly filled up the general-admission-only floor space of the venue (not feeling the need to rush to get a spot at the front). They brought in with them the smells of stale cigarette smoke and beer, the familiar and comforting scents that seem to accompany every intimate indie-rock venue.

(Sandy) Alex G, or the artist formerly known as Alex G, could have easily been just another misunderstood and angsty teen, standing in the audience. His recent name change, an unexplained and somewhat meaningless decision, contributed to his mysterious and existential appeal. His newest album, *Rocket*, includes the witty but raw soul of a bluegrass-country singer, the rhythm of a slow jazz song, and the words of a boy, staring out of his bedroom window, contemplating the meaning of his own existence.

The crowd was mesmerized and never lost interest in the music as (Sandy) Alex G sang both new and old songs. He rotated between playing the guitar and the piano, showcasing the depth of his musical talent. Most of his songs were slow, but catchy and relatable. One of the singles off of his newest album, "Bobby," is a desperate plea for the attention of someone

he loves more than anyone else. (Sandy) Alex G's scratchy voice, accompanied by a whining violin and a slowly strummed acoustic guitar, sang out,

I paint pictures of my heart
The colors blue and purple start
To bleed into an endless dark
It's only you it's only you
I'd burn them for you
If you want me to

His songs hypnotized the crowd into an introspective lull. After (Sandy) Alex G had finished playing his third emotional ballad in a row on the piano, he decided it was time to shake things up. All eyes were on him as he suddenly picked up his phone and started talking, getting louder and louder (until he was screaming) as he kept repeating, "I'M DOING A SHOW RIGHT NOW, I CAN'T TALK!" Still on the phone, he jumped into the crowd and started shoving people out of his way and into each other. The band sprang into the heavy metal intro of "Brick," a song unlike any of his others, but somehow still appropriate, considering the smooth fluidity of genres included in *Rocket*. As (Sandy) Alex G rejoined his bandmates on stage, his fans in the crowd continued awkwardly moshing as (Sandy) Alex G finished out his set in his own classic absurdist fashion, playing acoustic soft-indie songs while the crowd crashed their bodies together.